

Mornings by lollercakes

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Summary:

Mornings are for coffee and contemplation, not disco.

Mornings

“Dammit Joyce,” he mutters from the bedroom, growling as he turns over onto his back. His arm flops heavily against his forehead, covering his eyes and dulling the disco music that’s spilling through the crack in the door.

Hopper hadn’t expected to stay over last night though he’d already made sure El was sleeping over at Max’s before his shift was even done. He’d only come here to lay next to Joyce for a minute after his evening shift ran into the early morning, the domestic call making him homesick for the girl who’d once been a frequent flyer on their assistance line for just that reason. Telling himself he only wanted to check and make sure she was still smiling in her sleep, that she was no longer haunted by the abuse of her shit ex-husband, he’d snuck into her house with his spare key and crawled in beside her.

Like she’d been waiting for him, she’d rolled into his chest and scooted under his arm, trapping him like a kid who couldn’t bear to disturb the sleeping cat on their chest. It hadn’t taken him long to fall asleep after that, the heavy lids of his eyes sinking closed as his breathing evened out.

And he’d slept well. Through at least until now, when her questionable taste in music brought him back to the waking world with an agonizing jolt.

God, was she singing now?

“Joyce!” He shouts from the bed, voice thick with wishing he could just roll over and pass out again. In response to his yell she merely turns the music up louder, pots and pans crashing against the counter without a care in the world.

Nope. He was not going to put up with this. Mornings were for coffee and contemplation, not the Bee Gees.

“Joyce, I swear to god,” he hisses, sliding out of bed and grabbing his pants from the floor before pulling them on roughly. He debates dressing fully just in case he runs into the boys but decides against it

- this would be their first time seeing him wander out of their mother's room at odd hours and nobody had raised a stink yet.

Stumbling into the kitchen, he slaps at the record player until the sound cuts out and all that can be heard is the sizzle of food in the pan on the stove.

"Morning, Bear," Joyce greets and he looks up to see her leaning against the counter, spatula in hand and wearing an apron.

Wearing only an apron.

"Jesus, Joyce, what if the kids see you?" He scolds from across the room, running his hand across his beard brusquely.

She smirks and crosses her arms, the apron bunching at the chest suggestively. "They've gone to the Wheelers for the day," she replies lightly, watching as the gears turn in his mind. "I thought maybe you wouldn't want to waste the day sleeping, if you knew there were other more exciting opportunities."

The snort escapes him before he can stop it, his cheeks reddening at the lewd suggestion even though his body is springing literally into overdrive. "I was planning on sleeping in today," he sighs and steps towards her, hands tracing lightly up the exposed skin of her hip.

"You know, you're hot when you're angry," Joyce whispers as he leans into her. He takes the spatula out of her hand and moves the pan onto a cold burner, turning back to run his nose along her chin.

"I wasn't angry," he says in between presses of his lips to her neck.

"Mmhmm, sure... You just wanted to keep sleeping the day away like the lazy bear you are," she replies with a laugh that's cut off by a yelp as he slides his fingers along her slit. His body presses against hers until she has nowhere to go but up onto the counter, legs spreading to let him move between them.

"Just wanted to wake up next to you is all." It breathes out of him and her hands grasp at the waistband of his pants, pushing them down abruptly and freeing his growing length. Her hand wraps around him and he groans against her.

"We could have a nap. Try again later, maybe?" Her words are low and choppy, lungs struggling as he moves one finger, then two, inside of her.

"I'm not tired anymore. Just hungry," he mumbles as he trails his mouth down her chest and between her breasts. His spare hand makes quick work of shoving the apron aside to give him access across her stomach and to the crux of her thighs. Eyes darting quickly to meet hers he watches her as he joins his tongue with his fingers, her body nearly jumping off the counter with the movement.

Chuckling, he dives deeper and lifts her legs over his shoulders, mouth and tongue bringing her crashing down around him faster than he can count. As she shivers off the impact of her orgasm he moves to stand before her, hand sliding over his beard before leaning in to kiss her and let her taste herself on him.

"Hop," she whimpers as his fingers tweak her nipples, her legs wrapping around his hips and bringing him to her.

"You taste delicious, Joy," he sighs between breaths. She smiles against his lips and runs her fingers through the juices at her center, suggestively teasing him with her mouth. His heart nearly stops in his chest when she uses the lubrication to slide her palms against his length, pulling at him so that he has to stop what he's doing and rest his forehead against her collar. "Jesus fucking Christ."

Her ministrations nearly bring him to the crest, his breathing heavy as his hips work in time with her hands until he can no longer focus and he has to push her hands away with a groan.

"Are you going to fuck me yet?" She asks, her voice low and thick with want. He doesn't answer, instead pulling her hips to the edge of the counter and pushing himself inside in a move that steals the air from her lungs.

He takes it slow at first, steady and measured as his mouth drags across her skin and back to her lips. Her hands link around the back of his neck and she pulls herself flush against him, mewling as the hair on his chest scrapes against her breasts and drives her higher.

"I'm - " she stalls, grappling against the nape of his neck. His breath is hot on her shoulder as he starts to pick up the pace, his thighs hitting against the counter until he slides his hands around to cup her ass and bring her closer to him.

"Joy," he thrusts deeper and nips at her ear, groaning as she rolls her hips against him and wraps herself tighter around him. "Fuck, Joy, I'm gonna - "

"Almost, almost," she repeats and he slides a hand up to her chin, turning her face up so he can kiss her as she comes apart around him. The feel of her muscles clenching pulls him over the edge and he moans against her lips as he empties himself inside of her.

Their heavy breathing is the only sound filling the kitchen as he runs his arms around her and draws her closer, their chests pressing together while his lips trail wet kisses along the crown of her head.

"Can we go back to bed now?" He mumbles when she finally leans back and feels him slip from inside of her. The loss makes her ache and causes her to wrap her legs tighter around his hips, trapping him in her embrace.

"My big bear, wanting to hibernate all day," she laughs, eyes sparkling with mirth when his gaze lands on hers.

"Only if you're there," he adds, fingers curling around the edge of her ear. The look in his eyes makes her swallow the words on her tongue, his face communicating more than his words would ever let on.

"Fine. But I draw the line at two o'clock," she replies and squeals when he lifts her from the counter with ease, carrying her back to the bedroom with renewed energy before slamming the door closed with his foot.